



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.

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THE LILY.

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Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor & Proprietor.

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For The Lily.

A MEMORY.

BY W. E. PABOR.

There comes to me
A memory
From the dim olden time,
All pure and sweet,
With bliss replete,
Like an eolian chime.

It floats along
And in my song
Pervades each flowing line;
It fills my heart
And gives in part
A rapture holy and divine.

I cannot claim
That gentle name
Except in fancy's wildest pride,
For shadows stole
Within my soul
And bore away my gentle bride.

The past has fled,
The light that led,
My footsteps on to love and fame
Has ceased to shine
O'er paths of mine,
And now I dare not name HER NAME.

Her name! in dreams
My spirit seems
To wander as it did of old;
But as it speeds,
None kindly heeds
Its wailings or its pangs behold.

We parted! now
Upon my brow
Time's deep and sullen traces lie;
But memory
With potency
The past brings ever, ever nigh.

No loathe sea
Is found for me;
My passion when a simple child,
Still holdeth away
As in that day
When one lov'd name my hours beguiled.

The past is gone!
I will not mourn,
But ah! could weeping ever bring
Her back, my tears
For years on years
Would issue out an offering.
HARLEM, N. Y. Sept. 1854.

He is rich who receives more than he spends; he, on the contrary, is poor, who spends more than he receives.

ONE OF LIFE'S DARK PICTURES.

The following sketch of the various stages in the life of one who commenced her career under the most flattering circumstances of wealth, beauty and social position, is given in *The Independent*, by a writer who professes to draw the picture without any shade of coloring. We have no doubt of its truthfulness, and we are confident that it is by no means a novel experience.

"Will you become my wife?" said an enterprising youth to Mary C. "No," very scornfully did she answer; "do you think I will become the wife of one who expects me to be a kitchen drudge?" The young man was already possessed of competence, and was on the sure road to wealth; and though he keenly felt the barbed arrow of the haughty maiden, he loved her, and therefore kindly answered, "I would not wish you to be a kitchen drudge. I only wish you to superintend the household as I do the farm. The work shall be done by others." "No," she still as proudly answered, "I am a lady, and will live a lady. The dust of your kitchen shall never soil the soles of my feet."

A brilliant match she intended to make, and her wealth and beauty purchased for her many brilliant offers; but ere her fastidiousness could be gratified, wealth and beauty suddenly departed. Misfortunes and bad speculations deprived her father of his lands, and a terrible illness wasted her rounded form, and scattered ashes where roses had bloomed upon her cheeks.

Years pass on, and, one by one, kindred are cut off by death, or remove to distant lands, and she is left alone and almost forgotten. Her home is with an humble relative, who can ill afford, and is less willing to take care of her, and she is made bitterly to feel that she is eating the bread of dependence, and is unwelcome in the house of her kindred.

Then the youth who had felt her scorn, and was willing to return good for evil, and perhaps to "heap coals of fire upon her head," took her to his house and gave her all the comforts of a home. She made herself useful, but not without feeling deeply the humiliation of being compelled as an humble dependent to soil her feet with the dust of the kitchen over which she refused to preside as its mistress, though she was never reminded of her misfortunes by any unkind allusions. Here she had been a few months, when domestic calamities made it impossible that she should remain longer, and she was thrown upon the world in utter poverty and desolation.

"Who bids? Who bids lower?" This is the cry of the auctioneer, and the wretched creature sitting there, to be taken by the lowest bidder, a town pauper, crouching in fear, and hopeless misery and degradation, is the once rich and beautiful and haughty Mary C.!

The "lowest bidder" proved a coarse, unprincipled, and unfeeling wretch, who hoped to make her a kitchen drudge and a source of profit. But misery had done its terrible work, and she was carried to his house a maniac. For a long time her ravings were heart-rending to hear, though

she was harmless; but at length she partially recovered, and went about mournfully humming a song she had blithely sang in early life, or slowly drawing her wasted fingers through her auburn tresses, which fell in tangled masses upon her shoulders, repeating for hours some unmeaning words, wandering alone in some by-path, or sitting in some secluded spot, apparently conscious of her condition, but without mental or physical energy to emancipate herself.

After two or three years she recovered entirely, but those who had the care of her lived far away from any who had known her in girlhood or riper years. There were none to whom she could appeal. She felt no confidence that she could support herself, and being humbled in the dust by her sufferings and reverses, she lived long in obscurity and wretchedness, as entirely forgotten by all who had flattered her in the day of her prosperity as if she had never lived.

After her recovery she was very diligent in the use of her needle, and did indeed far more than to support herself. Her history during the twenty years she remained there would be a record of the most inhuman treatment and revolting crime which the annals of heathendom or slavery present, and it took place in a remote and quiet country village in New-England.

For twenty years her life was one long day of sunshine, and she flitted to and fro as happy in her thoughtlessness as bird or butterfly. She was not taught to sympathize with sorrow, and never spent a thought, or gave a penny for the relief of misery. What was the world to her? Why should she trouble herself about other people's sorrow? No! she hated the sight of poor people, and could not endure the thoughts of the sick and afflicted. Of what use was it to make herself miserable about others? She preferred to be happy, and everybody else might if they chose!

There are many who live as she lived, and go all the way through life basking in the sunshine of prosperity, never learning the sad lesson of change. Why was it that she reaped such bitter fruits of false education and thoughtlessness? Ah! this is one of the mysteries which time can never solve.

At the end of twenty years of servitude and suffering, a friend who had known her in girlhood's happy hours, returned to his early home after a long absence, and inquired for her in the village where she was born, of her early companions and even among her kindred, and no trace of her could be found; she had passed away from their sight—had passed away from their memories. But they had not heard of her death, therefore it was concluded she must be yet alive. But where? They had not heard of her marriage either, and they began to wonder what could have become of one who was the life of the village circle—the gayest of the gay. Some had been absorbed in their own sorrows, and others had been too happy to think of any but themselves. Now, it seemed strange to them that they could have so forgotten her.

Yes, they found her. Alas! it was like a thunder-bolt and the sharp lightning in the village circle; yes, they found her, and learned that, not

twenty miles from her birth-place, she had lived more than twenty years a pauper! There was not a trace of her early bloom or beauty upon her form or cheek; wasted and haggard and furrowed; wretchedness was written in every line of her wrinkled brow; her rich auburn tresses had become coarse and stiff and gray, and her dress of home-spun betrayed the effects of drudgery in every motion of her once graceful figure. Eighty years of ordinary sorrow could not more entirely have obliterated every charm of mind or person. Now, those who had so long neglected her awoke to the duty of providing her with a comfortable and congenial home, and when kindness had restored her to some degree of healthfulness, she made the revelations which would darken the grossest catalogue in the annals of crime.

Reflections are not needed at the end of a story like this, but let not those deny or doubt its truth who have never known or heard of aught like it in a Christian country. I have not added a single shade of coloring, and I could tell many more, compared with which all fiction would be tame.—*Organ*.

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

From Fitzgerald's Philadelphia City Item.

A Letter to the Ladies of the United States, on the Medical Education of Women, by Jos. S. Longshore, M.D. Professor of Obstetrics, &c., in Penn. Medical University of Philadelphia and the Founder of the first regularly chartered Medical Institution, for Women, in America.

LADIES.—Allow me to present to your consideration a subject that is already taking a deep hold upon the attention and feelings of many of your sex, a subject that is worthy of your calm reflection and earnest thought, as one involving matters of the highest importance to you and the race, and one that meets its greatest opposition from *prejudice* and *selfishness*. The first from yourselves, and the other from those who are individually interested in retaining in their own hands, from mercenary motives, the God-like art of healing.

Ladies: Before proceeding a step further, I would ask you to pause for one moment, and answer in your own minds a few simple questions. 1. Why do you oppose the medical education of woman? 2. Is she *less* worthy of a high degree of mental culture, than *man*? 3. Is it profitable to *her*, that *he* alone should enjoy the substantial treasures of science, which are always, to their possessors, a source of pleasure and happiness in any condition of life; while *she* must be compelled to feed on the husks of *empty folly*, and regard *senseless frivolity* as the highest accomplishment? 4. Is *she* fulfilling her high destiny, when she consents that such influences shall stay the upreaching aspirations of her soul after wisdom, and crush out the yearnings of her immortal nature? 5. Is not the great book of Nature spread out before her, every page teeming with the clearest evidence of God's wisdom and goodness, inviting her perusal, and, is she not endowed with capacity to perceive, comprehend and enjoy its vast and gorgeous revelations? 6. Why these revelations of the infinite Mind? why these endowments, and why this ever-increasing desire for higher knowledge and purer enjoyments? 7. Are these wonderfully felicitous combinations for no purpose? 8. Is it not the plenitude of arrogance thus to impugn the wisdom of God, in assuming such a preposterous position? 9. Then why should not *woman*, as well as *man*, be allowed to engage in those pursuits that lead the soul through Nature's highest revelations "up to Nature's God?" 10. Then why this opposition to her engaging in the study of medicine, than which, with its collateral branches, no department of science is more elevating, purifying, or practically useful, or more beautifully adapted to the quick perceptions, and various active sympathies of the female mind?

The false position in which woman has been hitherto regarded, that as an inferior being, as possessing inferior capacities, and consequently as requiring an inferior order of mental enjoyment, has given rise to the prejudice that arrays itself

against her mental elevation, above that point prescribed for her. Most women regard themselves as inferior to men; hence their conceptions are not permitted to rise above the plain they occupy; thus they oppose in others, what they cannot appreciate for themselves, viz., a mental equality with man.

This great truth once realized, opposition to the cause would soon vanish, and its present ridiculers and revilers become its friends and patrons.

The opposition coming from the individual selfishness of interested parties, is better met by silence. It must be expected, that while this element continues to be so prominent an incentive to individual action, but little sympathy can be looked for from that quarter.

The science of medicine, as taught in our University, embraces a grand cycle of subordinate and collateral branches—Descriptive, Microscopic, Morbid and Surgical Anatomy, Anorganic, Organic and Medical Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Mental Philosophy, History of Medicine, Physiology, General and Special Pathology, General and Medical Botany, Materia Medica and Pharmacy, Obstetrical Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology, and Operative Obstetrics, and the treatment of diseases of women and children, Surgical Pathology, and Minor and Operative Surgery, Diagnostics, Institutes and Practice of Medicine, and General Therapeutics, Medical Jurisprudence and Public Hygiene, &c., &c., form the basis of our teaching—a more extensive range, than which, is to be found in no other medical school in the country.

The mind that explores, thoroughly and critically, this vast domain of science, stores up for itself an amount of really practical and ornamental knowledge, that will ever be a source of pleasure and usefulness to its possessor, whatever may be her position in society. In prosperity it will be an accomplishment of priceless value, and in adversity and loneliness, an inseparable companion on which to rely for support and comfort.

No other branch of knowledge blends together so beautifully the ornamental and the useful, and none other is so admirably adapted to satisfy the natural longings of woman's mind for proper nourishment. At present, the demands of society consign woman to the mental agonies of an *aimless life*; the natural cravings of her immortal soul are crushed beneath the despotic power of relentless *Fashion*; and hence the great science of life, with its complicated dependencies and beautiful harmonies, its moral, intellectual and physical relations, are almost entirely neglected by her; and, sorrowful to relate, woman's divinity, the God-like essence of her being, the immortal mind, is so far immolated upon the shrine of incorrigible folly, that more attention is given to the shape of the bonnet, the cut of the dress, or the color or quality of the shawl, than to the great and all-important conditions of life; and a world of misery, and entailed torment on posterity, is the result.

Ladies: I conjure you, by the remembrance of your past, and the experience of your present sufferings, by your regard for the present and future welfare of your daughters, and the safety and comfort of their offspring, by the destruction of life of one-half the infant race, by the sacred laws of health, by your humanity, by your religion, by your desire to promote the happiness of the race, and the glory of God; by every consideration dear to you as mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, to give this subject your serious and favorable consideration, dispel your prejudice against it, and cease your opposition to it; consider the education of your daughters as *incomplete* until they have acquired a *partial*, at least, if not a *complete* medical education.

One objection, to woman's entering the pale of medical science, is often made prominent, and urged with apparent earnestness, which I would not notice, were it not that it is degrading in its tendencies, and utterly debasing to those who urge it, as well as humiliating to the true character of women. I allude to the popular plea of *indelicacy*.

This is a base calumny against the purity of Jehovah. The human organization is the culmi-

nating point of God's creative wisdom, and the mind that can study its beautiful proportions, its minute structure, its complicated and highly important functions, in all their parts and relations, and thereby arrive at an appreciation of the greatness and wisdom of its Creator, with any other emotions than admiration and reverence, must be groveling and base indeed.

The condition of mind that can conceive the idea of impurity and indelicacy in contemplating this stupendous structure, this truly grand workmanship of the Divine hand, must be a most unenviable one. Shame upon the thought!

Objector, do you admit it as a fact, that woman, beautiful and symmetrical in all her developments, mental and physical, moulded by the pure hand of her Heavenly Father, is always subject to the degrading thought; that that beautiful structure, those fine and Heaven-formed proportions, are ever creating impure emotions in the minds of her admirers? If so, she must be a most miserable, as well as debased creature. Such an estimate of woman degrades her to the lowest possible extreme, it makes her a spirit of darkness dispensing vileness and pollution wherever she goes, instead of recognizing her as an angel of light, mingling in society to elevate and purify it.

Nay, verily, woman is not the base being this foul objection would make her. While many of her sex urge it, they cannot be made to feel the force of its bearing upon themselves, they cannot realize that indelicacy or impurity constitutes any part of their organization. If they are exempt from such a charge, so also is the whole race. Then—whence does it arise but in the minds of the objectors?

Even from the dark recesses of the libertine's heart comes gleaming forth the light of moral purity, and his admiration almost approaches worship, as he beholds the beautiful form of, and associates with a virtuous woman, "God's smile upon earth."

Let eccentric and prejudiced judges soil the ermine with billingsgate and scandal, and croak about "libidinous minds," "immoral doctrines," "disorderly house." Let corrupt, venal editors prostitute the press to low personalities, and the propagation of base slanders. Let Pseudo reformers prate about "vulgarity of language and sentiment" and "grossness and immorality," and pettifogging lawyers whine about "foul-minded women," &c., as much as they please, in connection with the medical education of women, and let them all combine to thunder forth their fulminations against the reputation of the faithful and self-sacrificing promoters of this noble cause, but still this great truth remains undisturbed, "that to the pure in heart are all things pure." In the most delicate flower, a perfect emblem of purity, base minds may find organs with which may be associated "gross" and "libidinous" thoughts, while virtuous minds would be enraptured with the beauty and wise adaptations of the same objects. The flower is pure the less pure, the arrangements none the less wise, or the tints none the less beautiful, because its very perfections may be converted into food for the groveling mind of the sensualist. The spider sucks poison from the richest flower, while the frugal bee extracts honey from the most noisome weed.

Those minds which seek in the highest, purest and most beautiful developments of nature, elements congenial to their vile and poisonous condition, are most unfitted for such investigations, and they will always be found loud in the anathemas against those whose superior conceptions of the pure and beautiful, they cannot appreciate.

Ladies: I ask your sympathies and co-operation in this great enterprise; I ask it for the sake of your own sex, and your dying children. Have you ever reflected that more than nine-tenths of woman's sufferings result from an ignorance of her own organization, and the laws governing her various functions? Are you aware that full one-half of the children born, never live to see their fifth birth-day, that one-half the race is thus swept off! and that the mothers' ignorance of their maternal duties mainly

"Has thinned their house
In early life, and laid in silent ranks
Successive with the dead, their infant race?"

Do not the moans of your suffering sisters, and the cries from the graves of your little ones, come up in tones of rebuke, and demand of you, in the name of mercy, to give this subject a more serious thought?

As we behold the young and happy bride, surrounded by circles of gay friends, receiving joyous congratulations, and whose heart is buoyant with the hope of a bright future, the thought spontaneously arises, bearing with it the unbidden sigh, "Alas! dear child, you little know the thorny path that lies before you, the sorrows and sufferings that await you, most of which you might avert, had you that knowledge which alone can qualify you for the high and responsible duties you are now assuming." How like the gay butterfly, that sports in the sunshine of to-day, only to perish in the storm of to-morrow! The importance of this subject is being recognized by many of the liberal-minded members of the medical profession. It was made a subject of deliberation at the last annual session of the Medical Association of the State of Pennsylvania, and several gentlemen spoke of it in high terms of commendation, as a safe guard to public health, and a stay to the murderous ravages of unlicensed quackery among the people.

As the means of affording woman an honorable, profitable and useful employment, it is also entitled to your highest consideration. While so many thousands of your sex are languishing in hopeless penury, compelled to follow uncongenial and profitless occupations, barely sufficient, with the utmost exertion, to supply the absolute necessities of life, any scheme that promises to enlarge her field of usefulness, and afford a corresponding remuneration, should be hailed as a blessing, and should receive the cordial co-operation and liberal support of all.

The Penn Medical University of Philadelphia, an institution established upon the broadest and most liberal scientific basis, has made ample provision, in founding the "Ladies' Institute," for the thorough and complete medical education of females.

The facilities here offered, for carrying into effect the great object in view, should be made available by every woman who has it in her power of so doing. The terms are made as accommodating as the circumstances of the Institution will admit of, and are such as need preclude none from making the necessary inquiries.

Yours, for human progress,

Jos. S. LONGSHORE, M. D.

No. 160 Arch St., Philadelphia.

For The Lily.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WOMAN'S WRONGS ACCORDING TO LAW.

NO. VI.

RIGHT TO PROPERTY.

The third absolute right, inherent in each member of society, is that of property: which consists in the free use, enjoyment, and disposal of all of his or her acquisitions, without any control or diminution, save only by the laws of the land. "The sense of property is inherent," says a distinguished legal writer, "in the human breast," and the gradual enlargement and cultivation of that sense, from its feeble form in the savage state, to its full vigor and maturity among polished nations, forms a very instructive portion in the history of society. Man was fitted and intended by the Author of his being for society and government, and for the acquisition and enjoyment of property. It is, to speak correctly, the law of his nature—and by obedience to this law, he brings all his faculties into exercise, and is enabled to display the various and exalted powers of the human mind. Hence, the right to the possession of property, and its free and unrestricted enjoyment, has been guarded with the most jealous care by the civil power. Numerous are the statutes that have been passed to secure this end, and the great Charter of England and the Constitution of the United States, alike declare that the property of the citizen shall not be taken even for public use, except by the judgment of his peers, and the laws of the land, or in other words, without reasonable cause and a just compensation.

This right of property is as perfect in woman as in man. Her desire for its possession is just as strong as his, and it is as much a part of the law of her nature as his. The civil or Roman law which is in force in France, Spain, and generally on the continent of Europe, fully recognizes and vindicates this right. By it, man and woman, both before and after marriage, stand upon a footing of an entire equality, and are considered in all respects as distinct persons, and may therefore have separate estates, contracts, debts, and injuries, and may sue and be sued separately.

The Common law of England, and of this country, recognizes this right of property in woman so long as she remains single, to the fullest extent. She may hold and own lands and money, stocks and all kinds of monied securities, without let or hindrance, and the courts will maintain her exclusive possession and control of them, with rigid impartiality. But when woman steps beyond this point, when she yields to the natural instincts of her being and becomes the wife of man, that moment the symmetry, which before existed between the civil and the common law, ceases, and we have instead of the plain and simple rules of the former, a series of artificial distinctions, the result of which is almost entirely to deny to woman the enjoyment of this right. It is proposed now very briefly to consider the transformation which marriage works in Woman's Right to property, and how far the property she may possess at marriage, is, by that event, transferred to the husband.

Property is divided into two kinds—Real and Personal. The former means an estate in fee, or for life, in lands; and the latter, includes all subjects of property not of a freehold nature; such as money, goods, and the like, or whatever is temporary or movable. Marriage affects very differently these two species of property, as we shall now see.

The title to the lands of the wife is not changed by marriage: it remains, as before, in her; but the husband by such union becomes seized of the freehold, and entitled to the rents and profits of the land, during their joint lives. If the wife, at the time of the marriage, hath an estate for her life, or for the life of another person, in land, the husband becomes entitled to such estate, and to the profits of the same during marriage. So also the husband becomes entitled, absolutely, to the chattels real of his wife—which means leases of land, and the like—and these he can sell and dispose of at his pleasure. They may be sold for his debts, and in case of his wife's death, they survive to him, and do not go to her heirs upon her death, even though the lease be for a thousand years, and he live with her but a single year. The reason of this rule is, that this description of property does not amount to a reality—that is, to fee in land—and therefore must follow the rule relating to personal property—of which more hereafter.

The husband being entitled to the rents and profits of the land, may of course make such disposition of them as he sees fit. He may sell or dispose of them during his lifetime, and his life-interest may be sold for his debts. But he cannot transfer the land itself to another, for the title remains in the wife. The husband, however, must join with the wife in the conveyance of her title, if she dispose of it during his lifetime; for otherwise his life-interest would remain. Upon the death of the husband, the wife regains her right to the rents and profits of her real estate, and they are again vested in her as absolutely as they were before marriage. If the wife die before the husband, her lands go to her heirs, unless a child has been born during wedlock; in which case the husband is still entitled to the rents and profits of her land during his lifetime. This is called *tenancy by the curtesy*. If lands come to the wife during coverture, by gift, grant or devise, they are subject to the same rules as those which she possessed at marriage, and the husband has the same interest in them.

The wife by marriage acquires no immediate title to, or control over the real estate of her husband; but in case of her husband's death, she becomes entitled to a dower interest in one-third of his real estate. And this dower interest extends

to the third part of all the lands whereof her husband was seized, either in deed or in law, at any time during the marriage, and of which any issue that she might have had, might by possibility have been heir. Accordingly, in order to divest the wife of her dower, she must consent in writing; and therefore it is necessary that the wife should join in all conveyances of real estate by her husband; for otherwise her interest to a third of the lands would remain untouched. And in order that the wife may not be induced to join in such conveyances through the fear or coercion of her husband, it is made the special duty of the officer taking the acknowledgment of the deed, or other conveyance, to enquire whether the wife understands the nature of the instrument, and whether she executes the same freely and of her own will. This is a wise and humane provision; but it is to be feared that the officers charged with this duty generally execute it in such a careless and hasty manner, that it proves of but little real benefit to the class for whose protection it was framed. The wife, by the common law, was entitled to remain in her husband's capital mansion-house for forty days after his death—during which time her dower was to be assigned, which forty days were called the widow's quarantine!

The above are the leading principles of the Common law, in relation to the wife's real estate and the extent of her dower interest in his lands in case of the death of her husband. They are generally in force at this day in the United States, although a few States have passed laws securing to the wife the rents and profits of her lands, and the right to sell and convey them independently of her husband. This is the case in New York, and some of the Western States; but in Ohio the rule of the Common law still prevails.

In proceedings in equity, Judges have so far felt the injustice of these provisions as to compel the husband to provide for the support of his family out of the avails of her estate. The reason of this is said to be, that if the husband wants the aid of Chancery to enable him to get possession of his wife's property, or if her fortune be within the reach of the Court, he must do what is equitable by making a reasonable provision out of it for her and her children. In other words, if a husband wants equity, he must do equity; and a court of equity will lay hold of the property of the wife, as far as it may be in its power, for the purpose of providing a maintenance for the wife when she has been abandoned by her husband. But this rule applies only to those cases where the husband is unable to get possession of his wife's estate, except by the aid of a court of equity; if he once gets her property in his hands, Chancery will not interfere, but leave him in undisturbed possession. It is therefore really of but little value, but it would certainly be difficult for any one to tell why the rule should be different in Chancery from what it is at law. Certainly it should be the same in both; or if the distinction must continue to exist, then courts of equity ought to go a step further, and restrain the husband from availing himself of any means, either at law or equity, of possessing himself of the wife's estate, unless he first make a competent provision for her.

The rents and profits of the wife's real estate may be secured to her by a marriage settlement; or lands may be conveyed to her for "her sole and separate use;" in which case she will enjoy the same, free from any claim on the part of her husband, or of his creditors. In England, marriage settlements are much more common than in this country, because the wealth of the higher classes is greater; but even here, in States where the Common law has not been changed, men who marry women of property, should always execute such a settlement. The property of the wife would then be secured to her, and her children, and many instances of suffering avoided. Lands are sometimes conveyed to Trustees for the benefit of the wife. These are some of the expedients which are resorted to, to escape from the gross injustice of the common law, which confiscates the property of wives for the benefit of their husbands at marriage.

The law in relation to the wife's personal property will be considered in the next number.

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, OCTOBER 1, 1854

CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

In accordance with a vote passed at the adjournment of the WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October 1853—the fifth Annual National Convention will be held in Philadelphia, commencing on the 18th of October, and continuing through the two succeeding days.

The subjects which will come under discussion in this Convention, as in the preceeding ones, will be the EQUAL RIGHTS of WOMAN, to all the advantages of Education, Literary, Scientific, and Artistic; to full equality in all business avocations and industrial pursuits, commercial and professional; briefly all the RIGHTS which may pertain to her as a citizen, religious, civil and political.

The wide range of subjects for discussion can scarcely fail of awakening the attention of all classes to our aims and objects; hence we invite all persons, irrespective of sex, to take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and thus contribute to the progress of truth and the redemption of humanity.

Signed on behalf of the Central Committee:

PAULINA W. DAVIS, President.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Secretary.

Editors of exchanges are requested to copy this notice, and to call attention to it.

The Indiana Woman's Rights Association.

The Annual assembling of the Indiana Woman's Rights Association will be at Indianapolis, on the 26th and 27th of October next.

With business of the Society—reports on Woman's labor and remuneration, her Legal condition—her Social position and her Education, will be the consideration and discussion of Woman's equal right to all the advantages of Education in its widest signification—to full equality in Industrial Pursuits—and the entire possession of those indefeasible rights which pertain to her as a member of civil society.

As the object of this movement is to promote justice, harmony and fellowship, thus doubling the ties and honors of home, and purifying society in every branch, all who have a love for their race and a serious desire for its progress, are cordially invited to attend and take part in the deliberations.

ELDA A. SMITH, President.

MARY B. BIRDSALL, Sec.

The Conventions.

This is the month for holding various conventions. The National Woman's Rights Convention is to be held on the 18th inst., at Philadelphia, Pa. This promises to be more than usually interesting, and will no doubt be largely attended. All should go who can conveniently do so. They can seldom pass two days more pleasantly and profitably.

On the 26th inst., as will be seen by a notice which we publish above, the Women's Rights Association of Indiana will hold a Convention at Indianapolis. There is a good deal of interest manifested in this Convention by the women of Indiana, and we judge from indications we have seen, and from the letters of our friends in that State, that the turn-out will be large. The Indiana women are not a whit behind those of other States in any reformatory movements.

We learn from Mrs. Vaughan, President of the Women's N. Y. State Society, that the women propose holding a Temperance convention in Oswego, N. Y., some time this month, probably about the 10th. The day is not yet fixed upon with certainty.

The women mean to do their part towards securing a Governor and Legislature who will give

them a prohibitory liquor law. If the men do as well, the cause is sure.

The season for work is now fully upon us, and it is to be hoped that all the laborers in the field of reform, both men and women, will engage actively in the work of disseminating truth, and pleading for justice to woman, the inebriate and the slave.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RICHMOND, Ind., Sept. 25, '54.

D.—Having concluded the business that called me here, I shall, at the request of friends, give a few lectures in this and adjoining towns before my return. I am now staying in the pleasant country home of my friend Mrs. Birdsall, Secretary of the Women's Rights Association of this State.

The Agricultural Fair for this county is to be held in Richmond two days hence. What the prospects are for a fine exhibition I have not learned; but am told that there is no premium offered on babies, nor on ladies' horseback riding. This latter has become a prominent feature of such exhibitions in our State, and, according to the *Cultivator*, is the greatest attraction.

The election in this State is to be held on or about the 10th of October. Judging from the papers, the political excitement is great. Maine Law and Anti-Maine Law—Nebraska and Anti-Nebraska are here, as elsewhere, the great questions at issue; and here too, the power of the Know Nothings is feared and their influence dreaded. Editors and speakers are trying to destroy this influence and power by pretended exposures of the secrets of the Order, and the severest denunciations.

I am told that this county is sure for the Maine Law—they will send a man of the right stamp to the Legislature from here. There is little being said or done on the subject in this section at present. The great speakers, Dow and Carey, who are canvassing the State have not yet been here. They are laboring farther West.

The most prominent temperance organization in Richmond is the Temple of Honor and Social Degree—numbering, I am told, two or three hundred members. There is also a Washingtonian Society in a prosperous condition.

Efforts are being made by the Women's Rights Association to have a good Convention at Indianapolis on the 26th of October. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Coe and other speakers are invited from abroad, and it is expected that some, if not all of them, will be in attendance. Should they not be, I think the women of Indiana are capable of doing justice to the cause, and credit to themselves on such an occasion, without foreign aid.

Richmond is a very pleasant, enterprising village of some four or five thousand inhabitants. It is much the largest village in the county, although it is not the county seat. The Dayton and Indianapolis, and the Cincinnati and Chicago railroads pass through it. There is still another road—the Madison and Toledo—laid out through here, which will at some future time add to the importance of the place.

We had a fine rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, here this morning. The clouds have now broken away and the sun looks out brightly upon us.

I shall be at home in a few days. Adieu.

A. B.

INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

Among all the traits of character which confer dignity and grace upon their possessor, there is none more important than personal independence. It secures to those who attain to it, self-respect as well as the respect of others. It elevates them far above the position of mere copyists and sycophants, and leads them to rely upon their own exertions for advancement in life. It points the way to new objects of pursuit, and inspires a self-confidence in striving for their attainment, which is itself the best guarantee of success. It leads others to regard with favor those who respect themselves, and inspires confidence even among those who look upon our plans with suspicion and jealousy.

And yet, important as is this trait of character, it is one in which woman is sadly deficient. From her cradle to her grave she has been taught to look to others for that which she ought to possess in her own heart. Dependence, not independence, is the first lesson taught her in childhood, and it is the last she is compelled to learn as she passes away from her earthly pilgrimage. When a girl, she is made to believe that she is weaker and more frail than her brother. When a woman, she is still made to believe that a "protector" is necessary for her safety, and that if she ventures into the streets after the sun is set, or into a railroad car, a steamboat, or a stage coach during the day, she must be attended by one of these so-called "protectors."

In matters of education, too, she must not think for herself, but as others think for her. She must take the opinions of her teachers as law, nor ever dare to imagine that what they impart can by any possibility be wrong. In religion, she must surrender up her conscience to the guidance of her minister, and never fail to venerate his doctrines with unquestioned submission. In politics, if a woman dare to have any politics, she must be the echo of a father, brother or husband, and never dream that she has a right to entertain an opinion different from theirs as to who should be President, or whether the laws which Congress makes be right or wrong. In dress, she must follow with blind submission the fashions which have been made for her, and make her garments precisely as others make theirs—no matter whether they be such as conduce to her health and comfort or not.

And so woman passes away her life, the slave to other people's opinions, living in constant fear that she shall do something which will be thought unlady-like, or in some way transgress the fashions, the customs, the mode of life, or line of action by which others have determined she shall walk.

It is this mental enslavement to the thoughts and opinions of others—this physical dependence upon the supposed more powerful arm, and greater strength and endurance of man, which has reduced woman to the inferior social and civil position she occupies in society. And she can never hope to regain her proper place in life until she throws off the chains which bind her so securely in her present debasement, emancipates herself from their pernicious influence, and learns to think and act for herself as one who must give account at last for all her thoughts and actions.

And how can woman do this? We answer, by being as thoroughly educated, and learning to work as industriously and to act as independently as her brother. She should claim for herself the

same opportunities for the attainment of knowledge that he possesses. Universities and Colleges should be as freely opened to her as to him, and the money of the State should be as liberally appropriated for her education as it is for his. She should take no branches of knowledge at second hand, nor take anything as true because somebody has said it was true. Let her examine and decide all questions for herself. Let her read her Bible for herself, and try every doctrine by its teachings, and never bow in submission to any tenet unless it can be clearly proved from its pages. Man has usurped to himself the ministerial functions, but he has not dared to enforce the wrongly interpreted command of St. Paul, that woman must stay at home and learn of her husband of all those things which relate to her eternal welfare.

Upon the politics and the laws of her country, too, woman should have an opinion of her own. Let her read and think upon these subjects, as upon all others, for herself, and never be either a Whig or a Democrat simply because her father was one before her, or her husband is now.

Let her no longer deplore the cruel tyranny of fashion and folly which is destroying her happiness and life; but let her break away from their dominion and learn to act of all matters of taste, of dress and of personal conduct as her own judgement shall dictate, and the purity of her own heart approve. She will seldom go wrong if left to act as her own good sense would lead her. Pecuniary independence is often a necessary requisite of personal independence of character; and here too, woman needs to break away from old usages and time-honored abuses, and to act her part better and more freely than she has heretofore done. Pecuniary independence is generally the fruit of industry and frugality. She should practice these virtues as well as man. Let her labor and increase her store in whatever field she may choose to enter that is honest and decent for others to engage in; and by so doing, she will raise herself above pecuniary dependence, and be able to lay up a sufficiency for a time of need.

Women, Sisters, think of these things. Be no more the slaves of custom, of habit, or of fashion. Work out for yourselves a wider field of usefulness, a broader pathway to the attainment of all things that are honest and good. Let your every thought and act show that you think and act for yourselves—that you are guided by principles which are not the mere transcripts of the thoughts and opinions of others, but the sober convictions of your own minds. If you act thus, you will be better and happier yourselves, and be the means of conferring far greater happiness upon others.

"I'M COMING TO THE FAIR, FRIENDS."—So says a piece of poetry written by Frances D. Gage, and now going the rounds of the press. We, with many others, have looked forward with pleasure to meeting "Aunt Fanny" at the time of the State Fair at Newark—as she had promised to be present at that gathering; but a letter from her tells us that owing to the postponement of the Fair she will not be able to attend. The Convention at Philadelphia comes off about the same time as the Fair, and as she designs attending the Convention, she must defer her visit to her friends in Ohio until her return.

A kiss avails more than a kick.

The Women Triumphant!

The women who turned out and destroyed a grog shop and its contents at Baraboo, Wisconsin, have had their examination and were discharged. This speaks well for the progress of the temperance cause. Men are everywhere so well convinced of the sin of the traffic in intoxicating poisons, and of the numberless evils which it brings upon the race, that they rejoice to see the liquor destroyed, and hold in honor those who have courage thus to free themselves from the cruel oppressions and wrongs which it ever brings upon its victims. Hardened indeed must be the Judge and the jury who could punish woman for thus taking her cause into her own hands and seeking to save not only herself from destitution and sorrow, but her husband and son from disgrace and the drunkard's grave.

In these days of Maine Law sentiment, liquor is not held sacred as property, nor the rumrunner esteemed as an honest man. People regard the one very much as they do the instruments of the counterfeiter, and the other is held in the same estimation as any other criminal. Though law may be on their side, and shield them from the fate that awaits the coining instruments and the criminal, yet public sentiment condemns them, and where an honest expression is given, no effort on the part of the rumrunner to recover damages for bottles smashed and liquors spilled will prove successful.

THE ELECTION.—The State election in Ohio will take place on the 10th inst. As no Legislature is to be chosen, the question of the Maine Law is not so distinctly at issue as last year. Many of the officers to be elected, however, will exert an important influence in enforcing the laws against the traffic, and we should therefore be glad to hear of the election of many temperance men. In this county, we are personally acquainted with but two candidates in nomination, and these are both on the People's ticket, one for Auditor and the other for Prosecuting Attorney, and as we know both of these candidates to be temperance men, we hope they may be elected. We have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. SAPP in the Lodge room of the Good Templars, and we know that our good friend, Mr. LAMB, will always be found on the right side of the Temperance question.

THE TEMPERANCE GEM.—Such is the title of a paper about to be started at Bath, by Miss Jane C. Rumsey, who is at present canvassing for subscribers to her paper. We go for all such women as have the courage and perseverance to do something for themselves. We conclude from what we hear of Miss Rumsey that she is one of this sort. And she has been very successful in several of the surrounding villages in procuring subscribers for her proposed sheet. She wishes us to state that she will be in Penn Yan on Friday and Saturday. We trust our Temperance friends in this place will give her a cordial welcome.—*Yates Co. Whig.*

Since we clipped the above from the Penn Yan *Whig* we see by the *Budget* that Miss Rumsey has been in Geneva canvassing for subscribers to her paper. She enters upon the work with the right spirit, and can hardly fail of obtaining the means necessary to carry forward the enterprise. Of her ability as a writer, we know nothing, as we never before heard of her; but if equal to her energy, she will do good service in the temperance cause.

I. O. OF G. T.

We learn that nine lodges of Good Templars have been instituted within two or three weeks in the northern part of this State. The Order is flourishing greatly in that region. We wish our friends farther south would imitate their example.

"GOOD TEMPLARS' JUBILEE."—The members of the Order in Marlboro, O., and adjoining towns, propose to hold a Temperance Jubilee on the 21st inst. We doubt not it will be a fine affair. We shall accept the invitation extended us to be present if we can make it convenient to do so.

At a regular meeting of Star of Hope Lodge No. 2 of I. O. of G. T., held at their Lodge room on Saturday Evening Sept. 23rd, the following resolutions were offered by M. C. Furlong and adopted:

Whereas Mrs. LOUISA M. PORHAM, a member of this Lodge, departed this life on Monday morning the 17th inst., and whereas the members of this Lodge desire to bear their testimony to the worth of their deceased Sister, Therefore

Resolved, That we heard with deep regret of the death of our deceased Sister, Mrs. LOUISA M. PORHAM, whose association with us as a member of this Lodge, though brief, was pleasant and profitable, and that in her death we have lost a member, who, by her amiable character and virtuous life, would, had she been spared, greatly aided us in our efforts to do good and promote the cause in which we are engaged.

Resolved, That we sympathize deeply with her afflicted Husband and friends in the loss they have sustained, but while we mingle our tears with theirs, we have the cheering consolation, that this event, so painful to the living, was great gain to her, for she both lived and died a Christian.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published, and a copy of them be forwarded to the Husband of the deceased. AMANDA CLARK W. C. T. CHARLES C. CURTIS, W. S.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—We are glad to learn that a School of Design has been opened at Sandusky by Mr. Sheldon Smith, who is represented as an accomplished Architect and Draughtsman. Such an institution is greatly needed at the West, and should not fail to meet with liberal encouragement. We hope that women may be admitted to all the advantages of the School, as otherwise only half of its mission will be accomplished.

MAINE.—The people of this noble State have again manifested their devotion to their excellent Liquor law, by electing, by a large majority, a Governor and Legislature strongly in its favor. At the same election, an entire delegation, consisting of six members, was elected, who are all opposed to the Nebraska Bill.

Mrs. LYDIA F. FOWLER, of New York city, is lecturing in the Northern counties on Physiology. Her lectures which are delivered to ladies only, are highly spoken of as conveying a great deal of valuable information. We presume, if proper application were made, that she would visit Mt. Vernon.

Rowdyism and mobbism appear to be fearfully prevalent in all parts of the country. Of course rum is at the bottom of most, if not all, of these outbreaks, which so greatly endanger the lives and property of the people. When will this great fountain of crime be removed?

"Never," says Lavater, "make that man your friend, who hates music, or the laugh of a child."

For the Lily.

"Can't I get to stay out a little while?"

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Sweetly, plaintively, came the above words to my ear this morning, as I sat writing very early by a window overlooking the pavement.

"Come along," was the rough response.

"Ma'ma said I might stay out a little while," still pleaded that soft silvery voice of childhood.

I arose and looked out of the window. The sun is but a little way above the horizon—the streets of the city are almost deserted—for it is Sabbath morn. The hot, sultry air of this hottest and driest of summers has not been cooled by the night, scarcely less hot; yet in the deep shade of the long block of three story buildings, there seems a relief from the already scorching slant rays of the morning sun; and here a coarse Irish nurse girl had come to walk, with a little fairy of three summers.

She was a lovely little bud; but my heart ached as I ran my eye over the little human butterfly. Her neatly laced gaiter of blue—her little stockings drawn up without a wrinkle or a speck, and tightly clasped over her fat limbs by bands of India-rubber closed with rosettes and tassels—her richly embroidered pants not reaching the knee—her profusion of skirts, all bordered with showy needle-work—her sash of blue, tied in long streamers behind—her short sleeves looped up with coral and gold—her bare neck and shoulders, adorned with the same, and her little jaunty hat hung with flowers, like a big bouquet—such was the outward of this little human form—begging in plaintive tones of the surly maid "to get to stay out a little while." In her arms she carried a big doll, half the size of herself—still more elaborately and gaily dressed, if possible.

Thus at this early hour had she been arrayed for a promenade. Made a little show, to be gazed at from the windows and doors, to attract the attention of the early walkers, and to be admired by the chamber maids out sweeping the paves.

Thus is the silly mother laying the foundation of idle folly, in the babyhood of her child. A week's labor could not have arranged all that wardrobe; and an hour's merriment and play upon the green grass would have despoiled it. Were it put on as a punishment when she had been naughty, and she made to sit up straight and keep still in it, it might answer a good purpose. But the custom in the city is to dress the children thus for evening and morning walks—and all their ideas of freedom, of going out, of seeing sights, taking the air and being happy, are associated with those of fine dress, pride and show. What wonder that dress becomes the highest aim in life?

"Now be good, and don't trouble me—let me sew; if you don't I can't get your sweet pretty dress done; and you shan't go out on the pavement a step to-night, to play with Agnes and Mary. They'll have on their pretty frocks and new gaiters, and yours will not be done—so mind Sissy, keep quiet and be good."

So heard I a kind, loving mother speak to her child. We rail about dress—we talk about "Schnyderisms"—but we may rail and talk; while our city ladies have no employments—no ends or aims in life, nothing higher and more ennobling to engross them, they will turn to this all-absorbing passion to find relief from the dull ennui of their monotonous lives. Their delicate, yet active and ingenious fingers will stitch and embroider, and their little boys and girls will be sacrificed, body and soul, upon the altar of idleness.

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

and the little child dressed so beautifully at sunrise or sunset, to "stay out a little while," will promenade the streets fifteen years hence in fifty dollar shawls and mantillas, sweeping silks and flowing plumes, though father and husband should go down to their graves with dishonored names to pay for it. And yet our men are blind; and while they rail at fashions, fail to see that their

own hands and heads have done the work, by circumscribing the sphere of woman, and forcing her, as it were, into this folly—this almost crime.

For The Lily.

LIFE.

How few our years and short our earthly duration on this material orb! Man rushes upon the theatre of time, and steps forth upon the stage of human experience, but ere he is fully initiated into the mysteries of existence, the curtain of annihilation descends, and Man is ushered into the untried realities of another world.

The plant springeth up in the morn in all its freshness and beauty, and bloometh for an hour; but decay is soon written on its withered leaves, and soon, very soon, its blighted flowers are scattered and gone. But they have not departed forever! for Spring will come again to revive the withered plant, and the earth again shall rejoice in life and loveliness.

Morning, noon, and evening shade have well been likened to man's fleeting years. The pale tints of the early morn usher in the glorious day. Gently the genial rays awaken the sleeping earth, and sweetly its effulgent hues display the glory of the rising sun—fit emblems of infancy, ere the young and tender heart has drooped beneath the scorching rays of worldly strife and bitter disappointment.

But the noon-time of life arrives, and man stands forth in all the glory of physical development; for the sun of existence has reached its meridian; and though he continueth on through the ever changing scenes of time, yet the beauty and freshness that surrounded him at early morn has departed, and the lengthening shadows that fall around warn him of that declining sun which shall close his mortal career forever.

The long journey of life is being finished—the seed time and harvest is near—the sun is sinking to rest in a flood of golden light—his last smiling rays linger for a moment, then sadly his gloomy countenance is withdrawn. Silently the robes of sable hue are gathered around from east to west; twilight spreads her mantle of darkness and the curtains of night have fallen before the windows of Heaven.

But who shall say the dark curtain of death has fallen forever? Who shall say the sun of existence shall dawn no more? Oh! mortal frame, thou temple of decay, that which is of earth shall return to it again; but there is a Spirit within that belongs not to earth! There is a life-principle within that is not subject to decay, but a spark struck from the throne of the Almighty, whose flames shall not be quenched by dissolution.

Immortal mind! thou art an emanation of that Great Spirit who dwells in eternity of space! Thou hast not been created to live out a few short years of sorrow and pain—to linger a few hours in this vale of tears, and then to be swept by the sickle of Death into the ocean of Oblivion! No, the silent tomb contains not the vital spark which sparkled from those orbs that now lie so still and cold! Death holds in its cold embrace only that natural body that mouldereth away. Weep not then that God has in his infinite mercy set the suffering captive free; but rejoice that there is a happy home for his children, eternal in the heavens. Turn from the worship of false gods, and seek truth through the divine revelations of Nature. From the fountains of wisdom gush the waters of everlasting joy, making glad the hearts of the faithful, and guiding them onward and upward—teaching them that His works are good, whose universal Love is over all, and who hath created all things as seemeth Him best.

S. S. FINN.

DUNDUFF.

RIGHT.—The District Court in session in Athens Co., Judges Nash, Whitman and Peck on the Bench, have overruled the late decision of Judge Corwin, and decided the Ohio Liquor Law to be constitutional.

Without a rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.

Written for The Lily.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.
NO. II.

Look out for your own Baggage!

Not many weeks since, on a comfortable August morning—a smart shower during the previous night had effectually laid the dust for a few hours—we bade farewell to the old home away up there in the goodly town of Parkman, so cosily nestling among apple, peach and plum trees, and endeared to us by a multitude of ties both pleasant and sorrowful, and all of them peculiarly sacred. A circle of warm-hearted and true friends had gradually clustered around me there—equally loved and loving. The philosophy of life is, or should be the controller of its circumstances; and when the latter seems to say, "Arouse thee, O mortal, for there is a better abiding-place for thee in another land," if we are guided by the former, our departure will be comparatively easy. True, the sundering of old ties, and the final breaking up of old associations makes the heart heavy and sorrowful. And yet, it is far better not to lay these things to heart; it is better to heed the voice of philosophy, and to follow with a strong, brave heart, wherever Destiny may lead.

Well, after riding twenty miles in an open buggy somewhat heavily laden with passengers and baggage, we drove into R. just as a train of passenger cars was giving warning of its near approach. Not wishing to be detained any longer than necessary at R., E. was driving towards the depot as if there was no other place in the world to go to, when he suddenly reined up his horses and exclaimed—"What shall we do? My horses have never seen a locomotive, and they may take a notion to turn up their noses at it—possibly their heels."

"Never mind," said I, "just drop us on to the side-walk, and we will make our way to the depot, while you get the baggage there the best way you can." So he drove up to the side-walk, and we quietly dropped from the buggy. And now, if you have ever seen a couple of live yankee girls, fresh from the woods, walking in a hurry, or have read about that famous ride, when

"Away went Gilpin, neck and heels,
Away went hat and wig;
He little thought when he set out
Of running such a rig!"

you may get a tolerably correct idea of the manner in which friend H. and myself passed along the side-walk, over the track on to the platform, and dropped down upon some vacant steps—pretty well overcome by fatigue and bewilderment—just as the train came rushing and thundering to its accustomed place. And there we sat as quietly as though we had nothing else to do in the world; and I don't know but we might have been sitting there still had not E.'s voice aroused us from a state of abstraction from worldly affairs.

"Have you got your tickets?" he asked as he came to my side a moment while getting the baggage on board.

"No," I replied, starting up; "where shall I go for them?"

"Pass in at that door," he replied, pointing to one a few steps beyond where we were sitting.

"A couple of tickets for Massillon, if you please," said I, passing the money to the ticket-man.

"We ticket only to Alliance," he replied; "you must get another one there for Massillon."

"But we wish our baggage checked," I meekly remarked, not really knowing what to say or do.

"We do not check baggage only when it is going through. When you get to Alliance, you must step out and see to your baggage yourself," said the ticket-man, with a smile and a bow.

Now that was a sensible admonition; and that ticket-man deserves the hanks of community in general for learning women to look out for their own baggage—consequently for themselves. As self-reliance is acquired by relying upon one's self, is it any matter of surprise that the majority of women are so helpless and dependent, when the idea is kept almost constantly before them, that helplessness and dependence are peculiarly attractive feminine graces? Well, leaving these matters for the present, I stepped from the office to the platform, and, taking the arm of friend H., we

passed into the car which was pointed out as the one in which we were to ride.

"Off ready, Harriet," said E. as he passed by our window to say farewell. And our 'good bye' was lost in the "noise and confusion" as he seemed to disappear in a whirl and a mist. Away we were going through the dense smoky atmosphere of a burning swamp, which, with the strange sights and sounds floating around us, required but little aid from an imagination somewhat excited, to imagine ourselves as taking a comfortable ride through Tophet. It was my first experiment in railroad riding! Now laugh if you wish to. It is certainly rather amusing that a woman whose memory extends back more than a quarter of a century, should take her first ride in the cars in the summer of '54. But things are so different now from what they were when I was in the world before, that you will please to excuse me if I make some queer blunders. As I leaned back against friend H., the whirl and confusion in my brain began to subside, and the heart, long a sufferer from incurable ills, bore itself right bravely among surrounding circumstances, and seemed disposed to make the least possible trouble.

The cars stopped at Alliance before we were hardly conscious of having passed out of sight of land. And, in obedience to instructions, we stepped along to the baggage car to look after our own baggage; and the fourteen minutes of grace were sufficient, improved with a will, to get our tickets for Massillon, and to get our baggage transferred. And how shall we get our "baggage on to the other train?" we asked of the ticket man. And he bowed and smiled while remarking that we "would find a man with a wheelbarrow somewhere on the platform, whose business it was to attend to the passengers' baggage. So we were soon by the side of the wheelbarrow-man, and our baggage was securely caged again, and we stepped on to the car during the last moment of grace.

"Passengers wishing to take the evening stage for Canal Dover had better step into the omnibus for the 'Tremont House,'" remarked a gentlemanly looking porter, with a small specimen of a pure Ethiopian at his heels, as we emerged from the cars at Massillon. And in a few minutes we were comfortably ensconced in a comfortable parlor at the "Tremont."

"Shall we have time to take dinner before the stage leaves?" we enquired of a supple waiter.

And he said "O yes; your dinner will be ready in a few minutes." And he bowed and smiled himself out of the parlor.

Supposing that our ride to Canal Dover was all correctly arranged—as gentlemen do not impose upon women when they find them traveling alone—we sat quietly down to dinner, and had swallowed about half a cup of tea, and a bit of bread and butter, when a waiter threw the door open, remarking that the stage was waiting. Now here was a dilemma—we must either leave our dinner, or be left ourselves. So we chose the former horn; and after depositing a nice bit of steak in a safe place, we were soon ready to start off again—rejoicing that our journey would terminate in a few hours. Before sitting down to dinner, we supposed the landlord had arranged that part of the sixteen passengers were to go in another carriage, at stage fare; and had cheerfully consented, with friend H., to make two of the four. But when we came to the steps, we found the landlord, passengers and waiters discussing the propriety of packing sixteen passengers into, and on to a coach with only three seats inside. It seemed that the carriage man would take only three passengers for five dollars; and our landlord seemed to think that one dollar in his own pocket was of more consequence than the comfort of sixteen passengers.

"If that box could be left," said he, pointing to one a trifle larger than my trunk. "I think we could manage to carry all." I told him I was not particular about the box going that day, if I could be sure of getting it the next. So the landlord and the driver both promised that it should come down the next day.

And now the process of packing commenced. Mr. H. and wife, with two children, by exercising considerable genuine yankee ingenuity, adjusted themselves upon the forward seat; while three gentlemen, in the true sense of the word, managed to wedge themselves upon the middle seat. And two fat, rosy-cheek'd Dutch girls, whose knowledge of the English language embraced but one word—"Delphia"—and myself, squeezed ourselves upon the back seat, right close and cosily. The remaining six passengers gradually accommodated themselves to circumstances on top of the coach, and on the seat with the driver. And package after package went up to them until I began to speculate upon the probability of there being a necessity for a few extra springs and bolts. Well, our four good beasts finally began to waddle off with the coach and eighteen, while the dust whirled around and among us like a desert storm; and the rays of the afternoon sun poured in so fierce and fiery that I began to think we must melt or suffocate. And the occasional glimpses which we caught of the canal, covered with a green, filthy looking scum, reminded us of the possibility of our having passed from Tophet into the regions of Pestilence. But there was one consolation—we were moving on as fast as we could reasonably expect to move. Our babies were of the model kind, remarkably good. And not a single oath did we hear during that ride of twenty miles. What if an indefinite number of pedal extremities occasionally came dropping down from the upper regions? Why, the top—they must stretch themselves sometimes, or their position would be weary indeed.

"Delphia?" said one of my Dutch friends as we paused a few minutes at Bethlehem. And by divers motions I managed to make them understand that "Delphia" was still many miles ahead. At Bolivar we all tumbled out to take a good breath of air, and then packed ourselves in again right carefully. "Delphia?" again queried my Dutch friend, as we stopped at Zoar, and emerged into the pure air for a few brief minutes. But I made her understand that "Delphia" was some miles ahead yet; and once more, as we stopped at Canal Dover, we had to answer the same query from those pleasant, smiling lips.

"O yes, good company makes most anything pleasant," remarked the middle man on the middle seat, as we drew near the termination of our journey. And I would not object to being one of sixteen passengers occasionally, providing they were all philosophers. "Look out for your own baggage." HARRIET N. TORREY.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1854.

The Women's Temperance Society of the State of New York has just closed a session of its Executive Committee at this place, which, I believe, was very satisfactory.

The meeting of the committee was private, but the principal business accomplished had reference to the enactment of the Maine Law at the next session of the Legislature, toward which they are directing their most earnest efforts.

They have only had four lecturing agents in the field hitherto, but now have given credentials to eleven in all, who will soon be in the field as public speakers on the subject. The names of these lecturers have not transpired, but it is but just to conclude, from the character of the committee, that they would not send out incompetent women.

The ladies purpose that at the coming election all their brothers shall be supplied with Maine Law votes. Some of them possibly may be at the polls, though they will rely mostly on the efforts in private in the domestic circle.

They intend, if possible, to have a Maine Law Legislature and Governor.

They are to hold a general Convention at Oswego, in October; the precise time has not been made public, but will be given in due time.

Two public meetings have been held here, at which a number of good speeches were made by Mrs. Vaughan, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Albro, Miss Emily Clark, Mrs. Fonda of Wisconsin, and Mrs. Shepherd of this place. The meetings were well attended, and the addresses were received with general satisfaction. Some of them exhibited much ability, and some prejudice against woman's speaking was removed.—Tribune.

HOW BOYS AND GIRLS ARE REARED.

An article by Dr. Dixon, published in the Scalpel some years ago, is just now attracting some attention in the English papers. It is on the early decay of American women.

We give, says the doctor, the girl two years the start of the boy, to make her condition equal to his at the outset. Both have endured the torture of bandaging, pinning, and tight dress at birth; both have been rocked; jounced upon the knee; papa'd, laudanum'd, paregoric'd, castor oiled, and suffocated with a blanket over the head, sweltered with a cap and feathers, roasted at a fire of anthracite, and poisoned with the foul air of an unventilated chamber, according to the universal formula of some superannuated doctor or unexperienced nurse; probably both, for these people usually hunt in couples, and are very gracious to each other. We give the girl enough start to make up for the benefit the boy has derived from chasing the cat, and an occasional tumble in the hall or yard, and the torture she has endured from her sampler and being compelled to 'sit up srraight,' and not be a 'hoyden.'

Our little couple start to school with such a minimum of lungs as the unnatural life they have led will allow, and a stomach that is yet fresh enough to endure bad bread, plum cake, caudies and diseased milk. The reader will remember that Nature is beneficent, and will endure much abuse before she succumbs. Well, they are off for school; observe how circumspectly my little miss walks. Soon she chides her brother for being 'rude.' He, nothing daunted, starts, full tilt after a stray dog or pig; and though he often tumbles in the mud, and his clothes are spoiled, the result is soon visible in increase of lungs and ruddy cheeks. He cannot run without more breath; he cannot continue to run without increased dimension and power of lungs; he cannot have large lungs without good digestion, he will feel well and thrive apace.

They are now at school, seated on a bench without a back, and often with their legs hanging down so that the poor back-bone has no earthly support. Thus sits the wretched child with book in hand from nine till twelve o'clock, and sometimes until three. The boy, with the aid of sticking a pin now and then in his neighbor, and occasionally falling from his bench from pure nervous exhaustion, to the great relief of his half stagnant blood-vessels and torpid nerves, endures it until another pig or dog chase makes him feel that he is alive.

But our unfortunate little miss is in a distressed condition. She is charged to 'walk straight home,' where she is allowed to select her dinner from those articles that afford the least nutrition, such as pastry, cake, rich puddings, and apples. This, by the way, is her second meal of the same character, having taken one either at breakfast or lunch.

After dinner, she either sits down at her sampler or piano, and in all probability finishes the day's feeding with tea and preserves. She is then posted off to a feather bed in an unventilated chamber, with the door shut for fear the little darling will take cold. A Nott's stove or furnace keeps the upper chamber from 82 to 100 deg., the feather bed and blankets retain all the heat of the body, and sweltering, the wretched little creature lies till morning. What wonder she gets spinal curvature, or that there are actual deposits of tubercles in the body of her vertebrae or lungs?—Exchange.

—The time was when ladies who went visiting took their work with them. This is the reason we have such excellent mothers.—How singular would a gay woman look in fashionable circles, darning her father's stockings, or carding wool? Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a woman would be a prize for somebody.—Blessed is the man who chooses his wife from among the poor despised girls "who work for a living."

For The Lily.

WHEN TO WORK.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."—FRANKLIN.

Omnipotence could scarcely clench
The huge, stupendous avalanche,
And with the terror of his might,
Arrest its mad and headlong flight,
When plunging down the Alp's steep side,
With fearful leap, and giant stride,
Upon the towns and cots below,
Engulphing them beneath its snow.
Yet take the nucleus on the height,
Before it gained its fearful might,
The feeblest hand can check its speed,
And stop its desolating tread.

The avalanche of appetite,
Oft crushes thousands with its might;
And plunges in the drunkard's grave,
Ten thousand who could easily brave,
The small, slight, nucleated mass,
Or quit the primal, tempting glass.

Pacific's vast unnumbered piles,
Of hidden rocks and coral isles,
Though surge, and tempest long have tried
To sink them in the ocean's tide,
Mid winds and waves, disport in mirth,
And sink the navies of the earth.
And yet the primal polyps all,
That built them with incessant toil,
A pin-fish might have easily ate;
And none of all these islands great,
Would ever out of chaos rose,
To cheer'd sweet nature with their glows.

The numerous isles of sin and shame,
That stud our character's broad main,
Hango'er the sky a sombre dress,
And swamp our bark of happiness.
When firmly fixed, they stand for aye,
And nought can wipe their blot away.
Yet polyps of depravity,
Might all been chas'd with ease, away,
When first they nestled in our heart,
And laid with skill and nicest art,
Their broad foundations deep and wide,
And ev'ry nerve and sinew plied
To rear a structure robed in fangs,
That withers us with contrition's pangs.

The mighty river's rushing tide
Cannot be checked, or turned aside;
It rushes on, in angry mood,
An uncontrolled and restless flood;
That sweeps away, or bears down all,
The giant oak, the great and small;
Yet trace it to the gurgling fount,
Upon the plain, or rocky mount,
Tis easily checked, and turned aside,
Or e'en its purling waters dried.

The steams of vice, worn deep and wide,
Like the resistless river's tide,
E'er sweep away; and bear down all,
Into contrition's sea of gall.
Yet take the little rills of crime,
Fore passing through sin's baneful clime,
They're easily cleansed, and purified,
Or e'en their turbid waters dried.

The monarch oak, the forests pride,
That braves the whirlwind's headlong tide,
And bold defies man's puny power,
If taken in the germinal hour,
When first the gem begins to swell,
And feels the sun's enlivening spell,
An insect, mite, an ant or worm,
May pierce the tender sprouting germ,
And blast the oak in embryo.
Which storms, nor men when grown could do.

"Tis ever thus in childhood's hour,"
Fore habit's gained its fearful pow'r,
The feeblest effort will suffice
To blast the germ of sin and vice;
Yet when they've grown to giant size,
With boughs extended to the skies,
The greatest energy and toil,
Can scarcely root them from the soil.
GIBSON, N. Y., 1854.

A RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE.—A liquor dealer in Cleveland was fined on Friday, fifty dollars and costs of suit, ten dollars, for persisting in selling rum to a little girl, to be drunk by her mother. The trial developed, as may be imagined, a painful scene of woe and sadness.

A very little Story for very little Boys.

"O mamma, mamma," said little Georgy, as he came softly in, his face glowing with delight, "there was a little bird lighted on the bough of the lilac-tree, and he sang a long time to me, and when he had finished, I said 'Thank you, little bird, for your song.' Was that right mamma?"

"O yes," said his mamma; for she thought she would not tell her little boy that the bird was not singing to him particularly, or that it could not understand him when he replied; for she had taught him to say "Thank you," to those who did him any kindness, and was much pleased with this childish proof of his remembering her lessons, and of his interest in the little birds.

A few days after this, his little sister, who was scarcely three years old, came dancing in like a little sunbeam as she was, saying, "Oh! mamma, the little bird sang to me on the lilac-bush, this morning, and I said 'Thank you, little bird, for your song.' Was it right mamma?"

Her mamma did not suppose she had noticed what Georgy said, as she was playing on the floor at the time, and scarcely looked up when he came in. But when she heard the bird sing, it probably reminded her of what her little brother had done, and thinking the song was for her, her little heart said "Thank you," too.

Dear little creature! her own songs were scarcely less sweet than the bird's, as she hopped as gracefully from room to room; but only a few mornings afterward she was called away to join the cherub-choir in heaven. Often the same little warbler comes to sit upon the lilac bush, and pour forth its own thanksgiving notes; but mournfully they strike upon the hearts made desolate by the cold hand of death.

I tell the story to remind little boys how gentle they should be, and careful in all they say; for the little sisters who are sitting on the floor catch all their words, and if they are sweet and kind, as little Georgy's was that day, they will do much toward making those who are around them sweet and kind.

If, instead of loving the little bird, and thanking it for its song, he had tried to shoot it, or find its nest, that he might rob it of its eggs, I should have known that he had not a gentle heart, and his little sister might have learned from him something evil, instead of this pretty lesson, which I thought one of the prettiest I ever heard.

It is always beautiful to see little boys and girls loving the birds and flowers.—*Independent.*

Low-necked dresses are having a tremendous run this season. Men may talk about the morality of the thing just as much as they please, but who ever knew anybody that was half a man to turn away from the glorious spectacle presented by a dress worn to the "lower edge of decorum," on the snowy and swelling bust of a beautiful woman—the most charming work of nature. Men will gaze at and admire such inviting scenery; still such an article of dress is not exactly the thing to be admired on a mother, wife or sister. It is almost impossible, now this rakish French mode is in vogue, to distinguish a respectable woman from the fancy. Should our good moral ladies, who will persist in donning the flashing low-necked garb, be taken for their frailer sisters, they must blame themselves, and doff such attire, only befitting people of free and easy morals. Even old matrons of sixty may be seen daily with this rakish rig.—*Utica Tel.*

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E. M. Griffing, Sophia Hill, Elizabeth Freeman, Harriet Parker, Ashley Pierce, D. McKibbin, Catharine M. Tracy, J. S. Plumley, M. O. Neil, S. North, Celynda Grandy, W. T. Parkhurst, Rebecca M. Sandford, 2. Anna Goble, Thomas Cascader, J. C. Cobb, Melinda Bowen, Mrs. M. E. Johnson, Mrs. L. Linton, Mary Benham, Sarah-ette L. Wadsworth.

"Love of children is always the indication of a genial nature, pure, unworn, and unselfish heart."

DOMESTIC SCENE.

"I hope, Caroline," said Mrs. Mixon, as she drew up to her work-table, and commenced sewing on a dress she was desirous of completing before night, "I do hope nobody will come in this afternoon, I am so hurried by work."

"I am afraid you'll be disappointed," responded Caroline, who was looking out of the window, "for there comes Mrs. Henshaw in the street."

"In mercy, I hope not. I would rather have any body else, she's such a tiresome old creature, and sure to stay all the afternoon."

Further conversation was interrupted by the bell, which confirmed Mrs. Mixon's apprehensions.

"My dear Mrs. Henshaw," said that lady, clearing her brow at once, "how delighted I am to see you; I was just saying to Caroline, that it was so lonely sitting here, I wished somebody would come in. How is Mr. Henshaw? Well, I hope?"

"No, I'm sorry to say, he isn't at all well, and I came over to see if you had any camomile that you would let me have; he thinks it would do him good."

"Mr. Henshaw sick? I am very sorry for him and for myself too, as I was counting upon having you spend the afternoon with us, though of course under such circumstances I shouldn't think of asking you. Caroline will bring you the camomile."

"I should like nothing better than to stay if Mr. Henshaw were well. Good morning."

"There, we've got rid of her. How lucky that Mr. Henshaw was sick, otherwise we should have had her billeted upon us for the afternoon. I wish I could get rid of her every time by so small a sacrifice as a little camomile."

"What an agreeable and obliging woman Mrs. Mixon is," soliloquized Mrs. Henshaw, "and how much she seemed disappointed that I couldn't stop. No matter, I'll take an early opportunity to go there."

Mrs. Henshaw had something to learn before she could comprehend that "all is not fair that seems so."—*Organ.*

TOMATO FIGS.—We have seen and tasted those delightful figs referred to in the following article from Hovey's excellent Horticultural Magazine; and endorse all which he says in their favor. We hope that those who raise abundance of tomatoes will save this recipe, and try this experiment, if only on a small scale:

RECIPE FOR TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil it and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates, or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

A few apples cut up and boiled in the remainder of the syrup make a very nice sauce.—*Mrs. Eliza Marsh.*

It is only necessary for us to add, that the Committee of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society awarded Mrs. Marsh the Society's Silver Medal for excellent specimens exhibited November 29. They were tested by the Committee, and pronounced to be superior to any they had ever seen. They were put up in small boxes, and to our taste were far better than two-thirds of what are sold in our market for the best Smyrna figs.—*Ed. Horticultural Magazine.*

ASPARAGUS COFFEE.—Baron Liebig has discovered that the seeds of the asparagus plants contain a principle that he calls *taurine*, which is identical with that of the coffee berry, and that when free from the pulp, dried and roasted, and made into a beverage in the same way, it cannot well be distinguished from good Mocha coffee. Will some of our country friends try it? It may open a new source of wealth for this country.